$2.00 " year

APRIL, 1952

The Liberalist

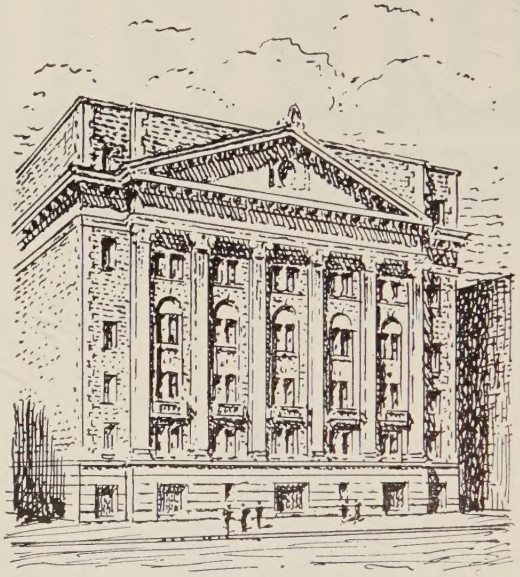
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

I Shall Live On

I am in love with life,
And it must be
That Life shall be in
Love with me;
I shall live on!
Across what unknown sea
Or shore I go?
I do not know;
But that I shall live on,
I know, I know!
A Voice, more deep than death,
Says it is so;
I am in love with life,
And it must be
That life shall be in
Love with me.

—Ralph S. Cushman

("Poems for Special Occasions," Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

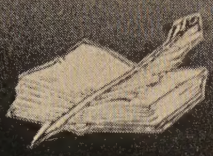
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, In Memoriam



Volume XXIX *April, 1952* *Number 1*

THE LIBERALIST'S 28th ANNIVERSARY

★ ★ ★

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

("Don Juan" Canto III
Stanza 88—Lord Byron)

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Invites You to Share the Lenten Season With Us

Hear

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

In Vital Subjects

PALM SUNDAY—APRIL 6

11:00 a.m.—"Did They Mean the Welcome?"
7:00 p.m.—"Jesus versus Jerusalem—An Analogy"

* * *

HOLY WEEK—APRIL 7-11

Loop Services, Erlanger Theatre, 127 N. Clark St.

Every Noon—12:10 to 12:40

THEME: "A Christianity for Today"

Monday —"Meeting Today's Challenge"
Tuesday —"Behind Closed Doors"
Wednesday—"Finding Foundations"
Thursday —"Sounding the Depths"
Friday —"The Cross on a Hill"

Church Services, Peoples Church, Lawrence at Sheridan

Every Night—8:00 o'clock

THEME: "There's Always an Answer"

Monday —"When Problems Stampede"
Tuesday—"Out of the Worst—the Best!"
Wednesday—"An Old Book in a New Age"
Thursday —"Be Grateful for Memories"
Friday —"Meeting Death Alone"

Sunday Morning Services Broadcast—WJJD 11 to 12:30

* * *

EASTER SUNDAY—APRIL 13

Four Great Services

9:00 a.m.—"Where Is He?"

11:00 a.m.—"Now We Know"
3:30 p.m.—"Workers Together"
New Members to be Received
Christening Service for Children

7:00 p.m.—"Why I Believe in Immortality"
Closing Sunday Evening Service

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

BY the time you are reading this we will be on the threshold of Holy Week. It seems incredible our church year has passed so quickly. It has been a difficult and a lonely year for me, but the life of the church and the responses of the people have never been finer or more encouraging. In many ways it is the best year in all the forty years of my pastorate. In spite of unprecedented weather conditions the attendance at all services has been remarkable. While my own activities have been increasing, I have welcomed the many opportunities which have been presented to widen the areas of our work and the influence of the church. It would have been impossible for me to have gone on without having my life filled with work. The number of funerals and weddings has eclipsed anything in previous years. I have had as many as eight funerals and six weddings in one week, besides speaking every night and making my sick calls.

As I travel about the country I meet many clergymen who ask me about my work and who always evidence a great interest in how I get so much done. The other day in Milwaukee a pastor said to me, "Well, I suppose, Dr. Bradley, you do not do any pastoral work at all." I said "What do you mean by pastoral work?" He replied, "Well, visiting the sick." He was quite surprised when I told him that every Sunday after the morning service I get a list of all the sick in the congregation, and before the next Sunday I will have called on each person on that list. I consider this one of the most important phases of my work and there is hardly a day of my life when I am not in some hospital or in a sick room. Obviously this requires careful timing and planning, but any pastor who is so busy he cannot visit the ill, had better lessen his activities and give consideration to the sick. When people are ill and want to see you, it is tragic for you not to meet their request. I am also able to do this more or less for those who are ill in many of the cities and towns I visit on my lecture engagements. These requests usually come from our radio ministry.

I never go within 25 or 30 miles of Belvidere, Illinois, but what I always manage to visit one of the most unusual people I have ever known, Miss May Ferguson. Miss Ferguson has been bedridden for 53 years and has never walked a step in all that time. I am selfish about visiting her because I always receive more from the visit than I can possibly bring to her. I have never known such fortitude; I have never known such patience; I have never known a person with a greater philosophy of living or a deeper faith. The last time I saw her she greeted me by saying "Every morning when I awaken I thank God for being so good to me." The one time when we do not want to feel neglected or forgotten is when we are ill, and any pastor who does not find time to visit the sick is missing one of the greatest experiences of his ministry.

* * *

While the Holy Week will have a tinge of sorrow for me, yet I am looking forward to Easter day as the most triumphant day in the whole year. The program and the subjects are all listed elsewhere in this issue of The Liberalist. I hope that every member, friend, radio listener and subscriber to The Liberalist will plan to attend as many

of the services as possible. This will be the 26th season in which I have preached the Civic Lenten Services in the Erlanger Theatre in Chicago's loop. If you are to be in the loop on any noon of Holy Week I hope you will arrange to come in to the services.

Members of our Peoples Church Quartet will sing at each service and at the Good Friday noon service the Quartet will present some exceptional and appropriate Good Friday music.

Every night in the church there will be a service. Our Communion service on Maundy Thursday evening, which is a service of memory, is always an impressive service. The Good Friday evening service is always the most largely attended service of the week. Hundreds of people come from all over Chicago, many of whom have no church loyalties whatever but feel the necessity of being a part of the Good Friday mood and spirit, and it is one of the most impressive services of the entire year. The Peoples Church Chorus Choir will sing each evening during the week.

On Easter Sunday there will be four beautiful services. The first at 9 o'clock in the morning, the second at 11 o'clock, the third at 3:30 in the afternoon and the closing Sunday evening service for the year at 7 o'clock. One hundred new members will be received at the afternoon service on Easter Day. Parents desiring their children to be dedicated on Easter will kindly make arrangements with our church office. The dedication service for children will be held Easter afternoon. We are planning the most triumphant Easter season in the history of the church.

* * *

It has been my custom to take a brief holiday at the conclusion of the Easter program. At the moment I have planned to leave Chicago late Easter night for New Orleans, where I will take a twelve-day restful boat trip, visiting Cuba, Guatemala and Honduras. I shall be absent from the pulpit for two Sundays, returning for the Sunday morning service May 4th. As a lover of the sea and ships, I look forward to these twelve days of complete relaxation and rest. The ship will be my hotel on the entire trip and I hope to return to my pulpit rested and ready for the remainder of my 40th year in the pulpit of the church I love and which has been my life.

* * *

Perhaps those of you who hear me in the pulpit or on the radio or in the lectures will recall that I have frequently expressed the opinion that a revolution in Russia is possible, and that that revolution may be the way in which a world war of indescribable magnitude may be averted. You can imagine therefore my interest when I received an invitation to attend a debate held under the auspices of the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations on the question "Is Revolution in Russia Possible?" I set aside the evening and permitted nothing to interfere with my presence there.

The value of a debate of course depends on the importance of the question and the authority of the debaters. The authenticity of an opinion is determined by the qualifications of the person who expresses it. There were two participants in this debate, each of whom is an authority in his field and this brought an authenticity to their respective points of view. Speaking against the question was Dr. Harry Schwartz, specialist on Soviet Affairs for the New York Times, and formerly Professor of Economics at Syracuse University. Speaking for the affirmative was Constantine Boldyreff, Professor of Psychological Warfare in the Foreign Service School, Georgetown University and long an active leader

in the anti-Soviet underground.

I haven't the space to give the details of the arguments pro and con which were presented. After the first speech by Prof. Boldyreff, in which he made a most plausible case for the possibility of a revolution in Russia, it did not seem to me there was much argument which Dr. Schwartz could advance opposing the proposition. Dr. Schwartz however presented an effective argument as to why he believed a revolution in Russia was impossible. There was a question period following the debate, but as happens so frequently, the questions were of such a character that they added little to the general value of the debate itself.

Perhaps I listened with my own viewpoint on the matter uppermost in my mind and was prejudiced to the possibility of a revolution before the debate began. I tried to listen however impartially and to keep my mind receptive to new arguments in opposition, but after the debate was concluded and giving it considerable thought away from the occasion itself, I am still more convinced than ever that a revolution in Russia is possible, not only possible but probable, and not only probable but it may happen much sooner than many people think. All is not well in the Kremlin. There are many, many indications that the Russian people and several of the satellite countries are but biding their time. The increased propaganda of the Voice of America, the commissioning of a ship equipped for getting closer to the coastal waters and sending periodical broadcasts into the heart of Russia, which even the most scientific of Russian radio technicians will not be able to blast or block out, will have a tremendous influence on the mood of people beyond the iron curtain.

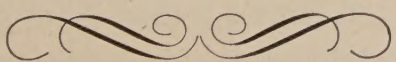
* * *

It is axiomatic to say that the greatest responsibility a citizen in a republic has is the opportunity of voting. We are facing the primaries and elections which probably are as important and vital to our future as this country has ever known, and for any eligible voter to avoid the responsibility of voting is a treasonable act. The finest sentence I have heard about this matter from anyone came from Mr. James S. Kemper, President of the Lumberman's Mutual Insurance Company when, in a remarkable address given on the West Coast a few days ago, he made this statement: "Starving the ballot box is as great a crime as stuffing one." This sentence expresses vividly and effectively exactly what I mean. Let nothing prevent you from voting!

* * *

Our radio mail and letters from our Liberalist friends has been of greater volume than ever before. I wish each one would realize how much they mean to us who have the responsibility of our magazine and the opportunity of the pulpit in radio.

I wish for you all a triumphant Easter. Easter to me means that there is no permanent defeat for love, for goodness, truth and beauty; that they live and nothing can destroy them. The indestructibility of the spirit of the Master is affirmed and demonstrated on Easter.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—April 14, Public Health Department Program.
Chairman, Mrs. H. Bruce Spencer. Hostesses, Miss Cornelia Hartshorn and Mrs. G. A. Schweizer..... 1:00 p.m.
April 28, Annual Meeting and Election of Officers..... 1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Program and date to be announced..... 8:00 p.m.

Men's Club—April 28. Program to be announced..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director.
In Memoriam

Channing Club (young people of High School age)
April 4 and April 18 in Bradley Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday night in the Church Auditorium.... 8:00 p.m.
Auditions ..... 7:30 p.m.

Usher's Club—Sunday Evening Concert by the "Choralists" directed by John Halloran. Adults $1; children 50c. Sunday Evening, April 20.... 8:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday Anderson Hall.. 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts, Cub Pack No. 3864, April 25, Anderson Hall..... 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday Morning the entire church service is broadcast..11:00 a.m.

WHAT DID YOU MAKE OF IT?

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
NOVEMBER 4, 1951

IF you were in the First World War and went overseas to Europe, you will recall that one of the great influential personalities of that war was not a general and was not a foreign secretary, was not a prime minister, but was a preacher. One of the most beautiful personalities, who had more influence over the men engaged in the First World War than any other solitary individual was a preacher. He had another name, which was Woodbine Willy. That's a rather facetious name to call a preacher, isn't it? Woodbine Willy. But I am going to tell you why he was called Woodbine Willy. There was a brand of cigarettes—and they tell me they were very bad cigarettes—they didn't have the advantage of all the present-day medical advertising which is occasioned by that obnoxious thing, the cigarette. (I had to say that because somebody will write me letters if I don't!)

Well, this preacher acquired the name of Woodbine Willy because as he went about doing his work as a chaplain, standing with the young men who were dying in the hospitals and carrying on all the other activities constituting a chaplain's job, his pockets were always filled with Woodbine Willy cigarettes. Woodbine Willy was the name of the brand. I know that doesn't do any credit to Woodbine Willy, this great chaplain who had such a tremendous influence on the men. I am quite aware of that. I only tell you because I wanted you to know how he got the name, because he had the greatest influence over the men with whom he came in contact under the frightful conditions of that tragic war. No other man had a greater influence over those men than did Woodbine Willy, the Rev. Stoddart Kennedy.

Rev. Kennedy is remembered today, and there in the Hosts of Glory there will be thousands and thousands of boys who will remember him. He was a beautiful influence upon their lives, and he wasn't very much of a theologian. I have discovered that most great preachers aren't very good theologians, somehow. We can teach theology in the theological institutions and perhaps the students are benefited by it; but it is my observation that a great many ministers—particularly the ones who deal with life in terms of great panoramas—of heartaches and tears, of sunshine and laughter—don't spend too much time on the thin representations of theological dogmas. They don't spend very much time arguing about the difference between consubstantiation and transubstantiation. That is a theological point and I don't know what the difference is between them, and to tell you the truth, I don't think anyone else does, either. I am not interested in theological controversies that separate men, and confuse the minds of men.

Well, Dr. Kennedy was never greatly interested in theological niceties or theological dogmas, important as they may be. It is important to the writers and in order to have a greater concept of theological perception. I don't minimize its importance at all. But they got to talking one time about the last judgment, and what would be the attitude of the people when they had to face God on the Judgment Day and be judged by what they had done on this earth and the record they had made with their lives, when God would say,

"What about it? What about it?"

Well, we have to give an answer to the custodianship of life. Really, we are only trustees, you know. This thing isn't all ours. We are trustees of a great entrustment when we are given life. It is a trust. And like every trust we will have to give an accounting of how we have handled the funds. There isn't any doubt about that. We will have to account for what we have done with this business of life that has been ours. There will be a day of reckoning for your life and for mine.

And Stoddart Kennedy was asked "Well, what are you going to say and what do you think God will say to you?" And Stoddart Kennedy said "I don't think He will ask me about my theology. I don't think He will ask me what creed I subscribe to. I think God will just look at me and will say "Dr. Kennedy, what did you make of it? What did you make of it?"

Supposing you were to be asked that question today? As you sit here in this sanctuary at this moment—What did you make of it? Supposing every person listening to me now, under whatever circumstances you might be listening, or of whatever creed or color, were asked of God "What did you make of it?" I think perhaps that will be the question we will be asked. And you and I will find it necessary to give an account of our stewardship.

We have been given life. Have you ever thought what that means? Of course you would have no consciousness of it had it not been given you, and in a way even this intimation is ridiculous, but supposing you had missed it? I am so glad I didn't miss life. I am glad that I have had life. What did you make of it? Do you think you might have missed something? Not only when the sunshine and the happiness came, when love was coronated in your life, and comradeship was there, and all was intriguing; and dreams were always beautiful; and the future was always alluring. Anyone can love life when those conditions exist. But supposing you never had had the heartache and the sorrow and the disappointment or the betrayal of friends, or the loss of loved ones? Supposing you had missed that too? Just suppose that we had missed this life. Then think what a frightful thing, what a tragedy almost beyond articulation, to think that we ever have lived less than our best; that we ever have compromised with mediocrity or that we ever have been self-deceived into thinking that we can cheat with life and never be penalized! Do you think that life, with this entrustment and this trusteeship which each of us has toward life, is something that can be treated lightly, without a sense of higher personal importance or social responsibility? That it is something to experience with such lightness and airiness that we flick away the tears and permit life to go on day after day as though it were only a song and a dance and skies should always be blue?

I believe no one ever finds life worth living. You don't *find* life worth living. And while there is a natural tendency to revolt against the sorrows and the heartaches and the losses, they are compensated perhaps by the spiritual sensitizing of our own souls. I am not philosopher enough nor theologian enough to answer the problem of why the good must suffer. I am not philosopher enough or theologian enough to know why someone who has always lived life beautifully and spiritually should be on a bed of pain for days and months, breathing almost a daily prayer that they might die, though they never have said or done one unkind, cruel or unlovely thing. I don't pretend to know the answer to that. Maybe you do. Maybe you have the answer. If you have, I wish you would tell it to me.

But I believe that the design of life and the pattern of life is in terms of totality, and we must take the entire fabric and not pull out a thread here and there that is particularly brilliant or gratifying and that we completely enjoy. When was life ever made for happiness? It never was. When was life ever construed to be such that there would be no resistance and no difficulties and no burdens? It never was. I have never found life easy for one moment. I have met resistance every step of the way. I have never known what it is to think of life as an easy thing. Life isn't designed for that. It was never meant to be one sweet song. That is not life. You have to think of it in terms of totality. And I do know that if we develop a spiritual awareness of that idea, then we can take every experience which comes to us and interrelate that experience into the deepening of our own souls and we will love life!

You don't *find* life worth living. You have to *make* life worth living. Life isn't a gift out of the blue of ease and contentment. Life is never that. The most perfect life which this world has ever known; the most beautiful flower that ever blossomed in the garden of civilization was that lonely Peasant Poet of Galilee. There is an example for you, those of you who revolt and react against the difficulties of life when you are asked "What did you make of it?" When you feel that you have been unduly burdened with life; when you are antagonistic to life, and are warring against it, what do you think about Him? First of all, when He lost it by your standards, He was young, only thirty-three. And while death is always tragic and we are never quite prepared for it with our loved ones, it seems unusually pitiful when the young die. There is something quite normal and logical about the dissolution of the aged. That is to be expected. But not with the young. For the young have tomorrow, and age doesn't. That is the difference. There is always a tomorrow in the life of a youth. But that tomorrow diminishes until it becomes sometimes less than an hour when age and maturity have come.

He was only thirty-three. Life was never easy for Him. He lived in a province of Palestine that all the Roman Empire hated and so did all the rest of Palestine, so that even the rest of His own people would have nothing to do with the Galilean. He started under the handicap of being hated from the beginning. That wasn't easy, was it? He was poor, too; so poor that He helped out the family budget when He was a lad by assisting His father in his carpenter shop. He had to work as a boy. That wasn't easy, was it? And He had a great heart of love for little children. So much so that He gave one of the greatest truths of His entire ministry in connection with little children. The lips of one who was to be denied fatherhood himself said to those who watched, "Except ye become like one of these, ye shall not enter the kingdom." He never could have a little child of His own. He never knew the joy and the beauty of parenthood as you know it. Never. That wasn't easy, was it?

He never had a home, either. Never had a house He could call His own. Never knew the shelter of His own roof. He never had it. Straight through His life He was homeless. And when He died they buried Him in another man's grave. He was buried in a grave in a garden that belonged to another man. Straight through his young beautiful life he knew nothing but resistance and turmoil and tragedy and poverty and hatred and lies and slander and persecution and misunderstanding. Where in all the history of man will you find another more dra-

matic, dynamic character, and perfect example of finding life hard and difficult, and yet—"I have overcome the world"—the triumph of the Poet's heart in a world against Him. Ask the Master this morning "What did you make of it?" Why, your little problems and mine, my dear friends; your heartaches and mine; your agonies and mine; your defeats and mine; your disappointments and mine; all of these things rolled up together would not be a little fraction of what He had to face in life. What do you suppose He could say? What do you think He would say when He met His Father? Can you visualize that moment? Just preceding the agony, when His own lips cried out "Hast Thou forsaken me too? You are My Father and You have forsaken me." And that noble head fell upon His chest and He bled to death from wounded hands and wounded side and in a moment met His Father. What do you think he could say when the Father looked at Him and asked "My Son, My Son, what did You make of it?" What answer do you think He could give? That is the question: What did you make of it?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

He was the first American philosopher.
He was the first American Ambassador.
He invented the harmonica.
He invented the rocking chair.
He invented the street lamp.
He was the first political cartoonist.
He was the best swimmer of his time.
He originated the first circulating library.
He discovered the Gulf Stream.
He invented the lightning conductor.
He is the originator of daylight saving time.
He was four times President of Pennsylvania.
He introduced newspaper carrying by mail.
He first charted the course of the northeast storms.
He originated the first street cleaning department.
He discovered the identity of lightning and electricity.
He invented commercial advertising.
He was the inventor of double spectacles.
He was the author of the Abbreviated English Prayer Book.
He was the first reformer of English spelling.
He is the father of modern dentistry.
He organized the first fire department.
He was the founder of the Democratic Party.
He established the modern post office system.
He invented the Franklin stove.
He invented the white duck clothing used in tropical climate.
He was the first to use illustrations in advertising.
He was a pioneer of the modern voting system for Congress.
He was the first man to understand the nature of a cold.
He originated the first system of ventilation.
He was the inventor of Plaster of Paris for fertilizing.
He gave the first explanation of the Aurora Borealis.
He was the first civilized American.
He was the youngest son of a youngest son of a youngest son of a youngest son.

(Reference: Ripley's "Believe It or Not.")

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

THE true Easter spirit to me and the true principle of the resurrection is to be found not in building a temple or writing a creed, but in taking the simple, beautiful, moral, fundamental, ethical values which Christ taught and lived for, and putting them into execution in our lives until we keep Easter alive.

There is no value in standing at an open tomb until we have the courage, through the continuity of his personality and the continuing essence of his spiritual vitality to translate that into human action. That is Easter.

What's the use in living if you don't live for something? What's the use in demanding that there be life, if it is lived without purpose? What's the use of immortality unless there is a contribution of our immortality to the well-being of humanity? Is this will to live some latent selfish thing that is given to us that we might have ease, lack of responsibility and mere physical contentment? Is that immortality? Of course it isn't.

The real test of the Risen Christ will be discovered when somebody asks "What about the poor? What about war? What about poverty? What about hate in the world? What about graft and greed permeating the political structure of a nation which calls itself Christian, and where its President is a Baptist and its law enforcement officers are Catholics and Protestants? What about a nation where there is inequality, and corruption and no ability to control the ever-ascending cost of existence, until it is all out of proportion with income, until a nation trembles for its economic future?"

You can put Christ in marble statues; you can crystallize Him in a million stained glass windows; you can pray your prayers; you can offer your devotion; you can sing hymns of praise; you can shout from the housetops "Christ is risen!" but until the things which Christ stood for are put to work in your life and in our nation, all the singing and all the platitudinous phrases are as nothing and of no importance. Christ lives only when He lives in actual work in the world. That is Easter. And the world never needed Easter more than it needs it now!

A CHURCH LIKE OURS

More and more, in spite of the changing habits of the community in regard to church attendance, I find that my own confidence in both the need and potency of a church like ours is deepened. Such an institution is the source of moral and spiritual power, the interpreter of life's mysteries, the herald of good news, the teacher of the truths men live by, the field for both individual and collective service in helping to bring in the reign of truth and beauty and goodness that we call the Kingdom of God. The permanence and progress of our civilization depend in no small degree on the efficiency with which such an institution as ours performs its function in the life of the community. It was never more needed than it is today to define and defend our standard of right, to bring us comfort and cheer, to undergird the moral integrity of our time, to hold up the spiritual ideals, to give us the sense of a motive and a destiny and to show us the way of the more abundant life.

—Samuel A. Eliot

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

IT is a bit difficult during these early days in March to think comfortably or excitedly of spring bonnets; and try as one may, when I look out Dr. Bradley's Study window at the ice on the lake, with its white blanket of snow, and then at the bare, black trees against the snow-covered land—well, delicate yellow forsythia, crocuses and plum blossoms all seem very remote and far away. I'm sure I am not alone in the wish I had the other morning, while lying in bed and hoping the clock didn't say 7:30—a wish that I might just chuck it all and spend three months in Hawaii.

You see, I had just heard the day before at a Convention held in the Palmer House, a most excellent descriptive talk under the heading "Word Pictures," relating the exquisite charm of Hawaii, while two artists, Quinn R. Prichard, of Chicago, and Jo Fischer, famous cartoonist, had vied with each other in sketching what the words of the speaker meant to them.

By the way, speaking of that convention, Robert's Rules of Order had better not be looking over my shoulder, or they might begin to shiver and shake. In a training session, held as a part of the convention, I was privileged to be a part of a very new and interesting experimental demonstration. Because of its very great importance in the field of human relations I think you would be interested in hearing something about it.

It was a demonstration of a new method of running a business meeting whereby the wishes of the group would be carried out, without the danger of railroading a measure through which was not the wish of the majority (and yet, through apparent adherence to Robert's Rules of Order, this false and

altogether wrong action had been made possible).

Right now I am wondering if the members of any club which for years upon years has been run by Robert's Rules of Order are holding up their hands in holy horror at such blasphemy, or are they perhaps lifting their heads in hope. How many precious minutes and even hours have been wasted on a club or committee floor, just arguing over those rules themselves.

Well, I was there, and I saw the new method applied and how it worked. I saw the thoughts of the group kept on the track of the business at hand, with all the best thoughts on the particular subject in mind brought to bear on the final solution.

Each participant in this group demonstration had a large sign he held, identifying his particular responsibility in this act, such as STIMULATOR, MEDIATOR, CASEY JONES type, ORIGINAL THINKER, DETAILER, MR. OR MRS. ENTHUSIASM; HAIR SPLITTER, TALKER, SUPERIOR BEING, DOUBTING THOMAS, OR BLOCKER, DOMINATOR, SILENT OR SHY type, and DISTRACTOR. Just studying those titles may be helpful.

People discussed the problems, for and against, yet no hand vote was taken; the thought being that even a majority vote always pre-supposes there are people against it. All decisions were something that just evolved from the group and it suddenly became apparent to all that was the only right answer. Everyone was in working agreement and the decision had become a part of every person participating.

The entire roomful of us got into the act by means of an analysis chart we each filled out as we watched the work of the one we were assigned to check on. Then, in buzz sessions of our particular little group we averaged our analyses and sent up a chairman to report.

In case this sounds uninteresting to you, when I tell you that I was witnessing something on which the Harvard University has been doing research for eight years, you may realize its importance and that it was worth my observation; eight years of work at Harvard to put together an actual demonstration of a finer method of running a meeting.

You and I and all other human beings are very apt to be loath to adopt new ways, but some 200 people at the Palmer House agreed that they had had the most interesting work session of which they had ever been a part.

What keeps me guessing is, if it took eight years of Harvard research to prove this system, how many years will it take to make the mass of humanity willing to even see it demonstrated, considering that they have been acquainted with Robert's Rules of Order for so long a time. How many open-minded people do we have in this country I wonder?

What a grand thing for the world it would be, or even for just our own part of the world, if we could be sure, say, of getting in for President the man the majority of the people want.

* * *

Popping out of the Mail Bag, here comes the first letter. It is from Mr. Gordon McLendon, President of the Liberty Broadcasting System, of Dallas, Texas. In the February Liberalist, Dr. Bradley tells in his article *Along the Way* about being on the Board of Judges to choose the Ten Outstanding Young Men of the Year, and mentions Mr. McLendon, 29 years of age, as being one of those young men chosen. Mr. McLendon's letter is as follows:
Dear Reverend Bradley:

May I take this belated opportunity to thank you, as one of the judges of

the Ten Young Men of the Year Awards, for the honor which you have bestowed on me. Though I feel that there are surely many others much more worthy of this honor than I, I want you to know that I am deeply grateful for having been chosen for this award.

With warmest regards, I am

Most sincerely yours,

Gordon McLendon.

* * *

In last month's Mail Bag you remember I wrote "I try to imagine the vast army who must have been helped through Dr. Bradley's forty years of service," etc. The next letter reminds me that many, many people have had the same thought.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was my privilege to hear your sermon last Sunday. As I sat there, I couldn't help but think of the many thousands—even tens of thousands—of people who have heard you over the years, and what an inspiration you have been to them in their living and how you have contributed to their better life and character over your many years of service.

With kindest regards from Ruth and me and our children, who are now almost graduating from college, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

E. V. Sundt, Pres.,

Sundt Engineering Co.

Mr. Sundt expressed it so much more beautifully than I did.

* * *

Many of our readers I am sure have heard Dr. Bradley say that he tries to realize there is a broken heart in every pew. One who speaks of much family sorrow in his letter, speaks also of the help he has received to carry him through these tragic, trying times:

Dear Mr. Bradley:

I was a most interested radio listener to your wonderful sermon today, and may I tell you, it was the finest sermon you ever preached. For the past twenty-five years I have listened to your wonderful sermons; and I know from my personal experience in life's tragedies what sorrow really is. I want you to know how much you have helped me, when I was heartbroken and thought it all useless to try to carry on further. I would come up to your church and leave the service feeling so much better.

Mr. Harrison, your church treasurer, has been a true friend to me, too.

Most sincerely,

Leon R. Richards.

* * *

Our readers who remember what Dr. Bradley said in his sermon on "What Holiday Missed About Chicago" will be interested in this letter from one of Dr. Bradley's colleagues in the ministry, his good friend, Dr. Louis L. Mann, of Sinai Temple. The letter was written from Orlando, Florida:

Dear Preston:

Ruth and I are taking off from work in sunny Florida. Possibly you, with the secret of eternal youth and vigor do not need a short vacation in winter. But it would do you some good, I am sure.

I just read what you said in "Holiday"—what it missed on Chicago. You were kind to have mentioned me. I thank you. So does Ruth.

No man in the ministry has been more magnanimous and generous to his colleagues than you have. That is why, what "Holiday" missed *most,* was Preston Bradley!

Ruth joins in kind greetings.

Louis (Mann)

P.S. Hope to be back March 1st.

* * *

From a very dear lady in Deerfield, Wisconsin, came this letter and poem:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Your sermon of

yesterday was very good. It was just what I needed just then. You said someone should take the idea about chasing Old Man Trouble away and make a song about it. I guess I didn't do that, but I made a little rhyming story about it. You didn't say what would happen if we told Old Man Trouble to get out, and I got the idea that he would just turn and 'skidaddle' as my mother used to say, and that is the thought I had in mind when I sat down to rhyme it, but it did not turn out that way. Somehow I like the idea of his shrinking instead of running away, for it makes him something like an inflated something which isn't much, after all, if it's deflated. That is really the way it is with most of the things which trouble us, I guess.

"I'm going to do, or rather I *am doing* what you said. I'm looking forward to a wonderful summer. I don't know what it will be, but even though I don't, there is a sort of inner warmth which comes with the thought, as of anticipated pleasure. Thank you so much for the helpful idea.

"If someone does send you a song about routing Old Man Trouble, I hope you will sing it next Sunday. Your sermons are always interesting and helpful and I wish you life's best!

Sincerely yours,
Nellie R. White."

OLD MAN TROUBLE

Old Mr. Trouble dogged my tracks
  For years and years and years.
I knew that he was close to me;
  It filled me full of fears.
I felt his presence all the time;
  He never went away;
He whispered ever in my ears
  That he was there to stay.
And then one day I turned around
  And looked him in the face.
I shook my fist beneath his nose
  And bade him leave the place.
"Get out," I said, "and don't come back!"
  And then, to my surprise,
He started in to shrink and shrink
  And got so small in size
That I was not afraid of him,
  And 'twas quite plain to see
That since he was so very small
  No harm could he do me.
Now, he will do that every time
  Folks squarely face about
And, firmly looking in his eyes,
  Command him to "Get out!"

—Nellie R. White

* * *

From Tehachapi, California, on stationery of the Department of Public Health, County of Kern, Bakersfield, came not only a letter but a kodachrome picture of Dr. Bradley and the Reverend George Grieve of Highgate Church, London, England. The letter accompanying the photo explains it all and brought to Dr. Bradley memories of his trip to Europe last summer.

My Dear Dr. Bradley:

Maybe I'd better identify myself immediately as the P. H. nurse who tapped you on the shoulder in the long gallery of the Queen Mary and went to High Gate Hill to attend the services. The most beautiful sermon I ever listened to on Holy Communion.

An event on my trip happened after that. While I was waiting for a bus, some British Legionnaires (noting I was a stranger) invited me to attend a Dedication Program in the Burrough of Hornsey. So I did, marching in the parade to St. Mary's Church and back to Haig Hall, meeting everyone, including the Mayor and his deputy and D. Gammans from the House of Commons.

It was interesting to find everyone so congenial and hospitable. I had a private tour through the new Town Hall. I was the only American among 300 English people and felt mighty important always being introduced as "the lady from California." Believe me, I left "a lady." It was really quite a session and I will never forget it. Many more details.

I am enclosing several pictures taken

in front of the church. Your twinkling personality is as it was in 1927 when I used to hear you in the Pantheon Theatre.

Would you send one of the pictures to the pastor of the Unitarian Church at Highgate?

My Mojave desert area is growing very rapidly with the tremendous Edwards Air Force Base spreading out farther and farther, besides the increased population in each of my other desert towns. I have had a real thrill showing my colored slides to each community PTA.

My tour is now a treasured dream. I am so glad I was able to visit the land of my ancestors, Norway, and to know what a proud and cultured people they are and still they are so humble.

I hope to see you again, Dr. Bradley, probably this summer, if you are in Chicago, when I will return to Manitowoc to visit my folks.

Very sincerely,
Mrs. Adelaide Feldman.

* * *

Corinna Robbins, our Wake of the News friend, sent in this refreshing little bit as a response to the January noontime book lectures which Dr. Bradley gave at the Chicago Public Library:

CULTURE HOUR

To the culture hour we went, and
What a lovely time was spent;
The speaker did not rave and snort, 'bout—
Taxes, bills and all that sort;
Merely brushed some cobwebs from our minds,
Refreshed them with new thoughts, divine.
Corinna Robbins

* * *

Dr. Bradley is always happy to hear from very recent listeners; glad to know the range of WJJD at the Sunday morning church hour is ever widening. Mrs. Francis Replogle writes from her Indiana town with great sincerity:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I just had to write you and tell you what your sermon last Sunday has done for my husband and myself. It was one of the most inspiring sermons I have heard so far. Usually you use such big words I sort of lose the gist of your sermons. I try very hard to understand. This in a way is good for one. It makes you think. Believe me, this old world needs more thinkers, especially in Washington. We, my husband and I, are very attentive listeners.

I've never been so happy as I've been these last months, listening to you. Our whole way of living has changed. I've started teaching my children what God means in one's life, and to always live for God. I've told them gently to never do anything or say anything that you would not want God to hear.

I'm so thankful I've found God while my children are small so I can teach them and raise them righteously.

I pray you will be with us many, many more years. I haven't found a preacher on any station that can "move" me more than you.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Francis Replogle.

* * *

Late in February, Dr. Bradley spoke at the Annual Patriotic Dinner in Waukegan, Illinois, given by the Homer Dahringer Unit of the American Legion Auxiliary, with the co-operation of Dahringer Post. The invocation at this affair was spoken by Michael C. Khayat of Zion, an Arab who, with his Polish-born wife, came to America to escape persecution and to become citizens here. Lydia G. Whyte (Mrs. Wm. D.), of Waukegan wrote:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It is not necessary for me to tell you that your message last night was an inspiration and also an awakening of individual responsibility. I know you hear many, many fine comments after

every talk you deliver, but the vibration from the audience told you more than any words I might write in this letter.

Last evening is one of the highlights in my own life of many years of American Legion Auxiliary activity—to be Chairman of an Americanism meeting with you as our speaker and also to have the very great honor of sitting at your side during the evening. It was so nice of you to pay homage to my Mother and to both of the Khayat's—to meet them along with the host of friends at the Banquet.

This will interest you: After the banquet Rev. Khayat said to me, "I learned more this evening at the feet of this man than I have since I have been in America."

Mr. Whyte joins in wishing you continued health and happiness in the days and years ahead, with continuation of the great work of service in your City of Chicago through your Peoples Church and your messages over the radio medium.

Very sincerely,
Lydia G. Whyte (Mrs. Wm. D.)

* * *

I shall close the Mail Bag with a letter which brings a very personal touch because it comes from Mr. Victor G. Miller, whose letter was published in the March Liberalist, where he spoke of anticipating his 50th Wedding Anniversary. Evidently the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Miller remembered them well, for here is his letter written after the celebration:

Dear Pastor and Friend:

Your telegram of congratulations on our 50th Wedding Anniversary received, and my wife and I thank you with all our hearts for your good wishes. We know how busy you are, and for you to remember us on the 26th of February will be another memory to carry with us as long as we both live on this earth.

We are both in good health and happy here in Atlanta. God has been good to us, giving us the energy to enjoy life and with minds alert so we can be glad to be alive even if both of us are 75 years of age.

We had a wonderful time. Cards, telegrams and flowers and many presents arrived. Did not realize how many friends we had in Chicago, Atlanta and different parts of the U. S. A.

I owe a great deal to you, Doctor, for my peace, love, contentment and harmony which are a part of my life at the present time. You have helped me over many a rough road by just listening to your sermons and trying to apply them to my life. For this I am very grateful, and shall always remember and be thankful that I had the honor and privilege of meeting and calling you my friend.

As I look out of my window and see the daffodils in full bloom and the blue sky and sun, I know that God is good and made everything for us to use, and the day will come when the world will know His Kingdom is come and His will be done.

I will now bring this letter to a close, thanking you again for your telegram and hoping to see you and greet you sometime this year. As ever,

Your friend,
Victor G. Miller.

* * *

Like the deep tones of an organ
In some vast Cathedral old,
Like the light from
stained glass windows,
Lavender and rose and gold,
May the joy of this glad Easter
Fill your heart with
peace untold.

KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

BOOK CHATS

IN last month's book chats I closed with a promise to tell you more about the Chicago Public Library's list called "This is America's Story," as told in novels.

Because this is our Easter number I have in mind to mention in addition two of the small daily help type of books, each selling for $1, which are so helpful to busy people who like a lifting thought before they start their busy day, or a quiet and restful thought before the day ends in sleep. Then, too, because springtime fills one's mind with thoughts of travel and distant places, with perhaps a bit of adventure in the offing, I am going to include a story filled with suspense, a true account of the voyage of the *Erma,* in a book called "Sailing to Freedom." And then because biography, the story of a life, is always of interest, especially if it is the life of a strong and spirited character, I shall tell you something about *Cyclone in Calico;* and possibly, if there is space, the gardeners will find something helpful for them listed also.

First, in keeping with the Easter thought, a little book, not new, has been sent me by a friend, who wrote on the fly-leaf these words:

Here's to man who is good
and kind;
Who goes through life with a
single mind;
Who makes the best of each pass-
ing minute
And the world the better by his
being in it.

The little pocket-size book is called *God's Message,* a book of 365 meditations, by 365 eminent clergymen of the United States, Canada and Great Britain. It is published by the John C. Winston Company. The names of the 365 clergymen are listed alphabetically, so one can pick out their favorites at a glance. In front of this index are these lines:

"It is not much to give God a minute, but in these so called busy times a minute is better than no time at all.

May these Messages incite to longer periods of devotional thought."

Under January Third, a verse from Isaiah is listed: "I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine." And Rev. William Ewart Dudley, D.D., of Brooklyn, N.Y. follows it with this comment:

"There is no reason in this life for apology, timidity, misgiving. Each one of us has been born for a purpose. Every one is a personality. No man is a worm of the dust. It is not right to cringe. To crawl is unworthy. The supremacy of personality is the burden of the teaching of Jesus. The gospel lifts the individual from obscurity. All through the Bible the individual soul is exalted above system.

"Statistics should not overwhelm the spirit. Crowds do not determine one's destiny. Machines are the least permanent of the human order. You are lost in the big city? You are adrift in the small village? The fact is you are never lost. You are never adrift if you choose to believe in your own supremacy. To believe in your own unconquerable soul is not egotism but

sense. God says, 'I have called thee by name, thou are mine.' "

Rev. J. Henry Harms, D.D., of Philadelphia, explains the verse from Luke, "Other seed fell on good ground."

"Many things go wrong in life, like the seed in thorny and stony soil. But we should not let that make us cynical. Remember that some of the seed went right! There is plenty of friendly soil for the will of God to live in. Today let us make it a business to talk of the good things that are going on. There are lots of good people in this world. There is plenty of fidelity, more than matching the infidelity that is advertised in the courts. There is plenty of love and grace and beauty, in spite of all the devilment that is displayed in the headlines of the daily press. God is not dead nor His will defeated!"

I shall give one more quotation because it is by Rev. John Timothy Stone, D.D., of Chicago:

The well known verse, "Be still and know that I am God," from the 46th Psalm, is interpreted thus by the Reverend Stone:

"Most of us have interpreted this verse as an incentive to quietness and meditation before God, but the Hebrew word signifies more than this. The only time this particular word is used is in the Old Testament. The derivative means an exactness—'Take a slack in the rope,' in other words. It is not simply an admonition to be quiet, but to let the tension go out of your life, just as the great cable holds in place the great steamer until the vessel reaches its channel and can go with its own steam.

"So we are to wait before God and take a slack in the rope—just let the tension go. It is Paul's thought, when he wrote to the Philippians, 'Be anxious for nothing.' "

Such a confidence and trust in God will take the wrinkles from the brow and lead to that "Peace of God which passeth all understanding."

I intended to stop there, but having turned a few pages I cannot leave the little book without giving you the interpretation by Rev. M. Hadwin Fischer, Ph. D., Th.D. of Gettysburg, Pa. of the verse "So then let us follow after things which make for peace, and things whereby we may edify one another." Says Dr. Fischer:

"Would you make your life a blessing? Then follow after things which make for peace. Think, feel and do what attracts, challenges and enriches others. Through humility, sympathy and love, lead people into wholesome, zestful living. This adds to the sum of happiness.

"Peace is more than the absence of discord. It is harmonious, purposeful living . . . Such living enriches the world . . . Ideals become realities when men provoke to peaceful living."

* * *

The other one of the little books I spoke of is *Prayer in the Market Place,* a Unity publication of articles which first appeared in the magazine *Good Business.* These articles are especially designed to help business people. The editor of *Good Business,* Clinton E. Bernard, has long advocated Christianity as "the best basis for business—the last word in economics." Here are the chapter headings: *It Didn't Just Happen—So They Want to Play Rough!—It's the Attitude—Words that Can Change Your Life—No Age Limit—The Greatest Among You—Building Personal Good Will—The Daily Power Builder—Dissolving the Deadlocks—Is There a Sure Cure For Alcoholism? —Collecting Bills the Easy Way—What is a Christian Businessman?—The Power of Faith.* There are fourteen more chapter titles, but the ones we

have listed will give you an idea of the contents of this little helpful book.

* * *

Cyclone in Calico, published by Boston Little, Brown & Company, is written by Nina Brown Baker and was published March 17th this year. The author was born in 1888 in Galena, Kansas, where her father had come in a covered wagon after the Civil War. Miss Baker taught school in a remote corner of the Mesa Verde country in Colorado in a one-room school house. She lived in a tent, split wood, carried water, cooked and learned to ride. She says "I was the only unmarried white girl in forty-two miles, and dances didn't start until I got there. I had lots and lots of proposals of marriage, and you're wrong if you think my beauty and charm accounted for that. It was awfully desirable to have a woman do the housework so a man could give all his time to grubbing sagebrush and digging irrigation ditches."

Later she moved to Kansas City where she married Sidney Baker in 1915. They moved to St. Louis and, when their two daughters were small, to Omaha. There Mrs. Baker began to write short stories. For a year she edited *Gentleman's Quarterly,* forerunner of *Esquire.* She has published eighteen juveniles. Seven of these are mysteries and the rest comprise a series about national heroes, from Simon Bolivar to Sir Walter Raleigh. She now lives in Brooklyn, New York.

Cyclone in Calico is the story of the Civil War nurse of whom General Sherman said, "She has more power than I—she outranks me!" Of Mary Ann Bickerdyke, the heroine of *Cyclone in Calico,* the author says, "Here was a woman who never heard of vitamins or antisepsis, and used them to save lives. She did pretty well at psychological rehabilitation too. In her own time she was oversentimentalized, and then forgotten. I think we owe her something better."

The citizens of Galesburg, Illinois, just after the Civil War began, sent Mary Ann down to Cairo to give out $500 worth of medical supplies to the Galesburg boys who had enlisted in the Union Army. Mary Ann found a number of the boys "hospitalized" on beds of filthy straw laid over muddy tent floors, and dying of dysentery and typhoid. Enraged at army inefficiency, and without army authorization, she went to work. She washed the casualties in bathtubs made of old sugar barrels, she dug the mud off the tent floors and then she fed her patients food sent down from Galesburg. Thus began her years of caring for "her boys," the soldiers of the Union Army. Mounted on Old Whitey, she rode with the Western Armies for the duration of the war, setting up hospitals, feeding her boys before they went into battle, working in front-line dressing stations —beloved by the enlisted soldier.

Naturally she was less popular with "the brass." The wife of an important colonel summoned her to take care of her son's measles, but Mother Bickerdyke ceremoniously refused, saying she had plenty of soldiers to work for. When the colonel complained to Sherman, the General replied: "You've picked on the one person around here who outranks me. If you want to lodge a complaint against her, you'll have to take it to President Lincoln."

The Medical Corps felt she coddled the boys and didn't take kindly to her interference. A soldier was too weak to eat but had a tremendous craving for eggs. Mother Bickerdyke let him keep half a dozen under his pillow. The head doctor removed them and left the soldier in tears. Mother Bickerdyke brought the boy a whole bucket of eggs and threatened the doctor with bodily injury if they were moved. They

stayed.

She prescribed baths, fresh fruit, fresh air and herbs. Known today as antisepsis and vitamins, this must have seemed like heresy or worse to the run-of-the-mill army doctor at that time, whose stock in trade was bleeding and amputation.

Mother Bickerdyke had a run-in with the Sanitary Corps when she began to appropriate their supplies to do her work, until in order to legalize her larceny they appointed her Field Agent. She was not averse to polite blackmail. After a successful fund-raising tour through the Middle West, she announced she needed laundry equipment for a hospital. The Sanitary Commission tried to explain that its Board would have to authorize the money. "Orders again!" sniffed Mother Bickerdyke. "A body'd think this was the army. I get enough of that foolishness down South. I ain't turned over the Milwaukee money yet. Tomorrow morning I aim to buy me a washing machine, some wringers and a mangle. If they's any left over the Commission'll get it. Now what you got to say to that?"

She was a vital, courageous, salty, come-hell-or-high-water woman who worked tirelessly for the common soldier during the Civil War. She was a great morale-builder long before that term came to be a commonplace in army parlance. In her emphasis on cleanliness and good food, she anticipated antisepsis and the use of vitamins, even though she had no scientific knowledge of either. And through her courage on the battlefield, she won for women nurses and their vital role the recognition they have in our armed forces today.

The book is filled to overflowing with actual incidents of her work and encounters with "stuffed shirts" from various quarters and is as vital as the heroine herself.

* * *

The adventure book that I mentioned at the beginning of Book Chats is by Voldemar Veedam and Carl B. Wall, is called *Sailing to Freedom,* and is published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company. It is the story of the escape to America of 16 men, women and children in a 36-foot sloop. It is full of excitement, suspense and humor, and is a true account of the heroic voyage of the *Erma,* a seventy-year-old sloop which made a sea trip of 8,000 miles. It is one of the most incredible sea adventures of our time and a tribute to the Estonian refugees who would risk such a voyage to escape Soviet oppression.

Not even an N.K.V.D. agent, watching the *Erma's* departure from the small Swedish port of Smedslattern, could possibly have suspected that this was the beginning of a transatlantic voyage. It had the air, rather, of a hastily conceived family picnic. The sloop looked like a fat, dumpy old lady unable to waddle across Stockholm Bay, to say nothing of the Atlantic. America seemed like another planet, worlds away, to this hardy band of Estonians as they started through the torturous channels of Stockholm's archipelago. It seemed even farther when the temporary breakdown of the antiquated semi-diesel motor forced them to haul 7-ton Erma 200 miles through the Gota Canal to the west coast. After a stop in Norway to caulk the badly leaking *Erma* and a stormy passage on the North Sea, they crossed the picturesque Scotch Highlands through the Caledonian Canal. On to Ireland, where bad weather almost forced them to spend the winter. Their supplies reinforced by the efforts of Paddy, the ruddy-faced boatman, the group continued on to the Portuguese island of Maderia, off the coast of

Africa—the halfway mark in their journey.

The most perilous part of their trip was yet to come. As they headed west into the Trades, New York was still five thousand miles away. With only the barest food and water supplies and in terribly cramped quarters, they weathered howling Atlantic gales and dead calms, terrible heat and bitter cold, all the while keeping up their spirits with great good humor and the hope of reaching free shores.

Finally, within only a hundred miles of the American coast, contrary winds and weather and the end of their food and water supplies made their goal seem hopeless. How they made the last lap of their 128-day journey and how America received them offer a triumphant climax to a sea story filled with suspense.

* * *

For America's story as told in novels, which show the sacrifices for ideas and ideals that have made our democracy work, and identifying ourselves with our roots and traditions and learning how our forefathers coped with difficulties in the past, I suggest you stop in at the Public Library or write and ask for their list called "This Is America's Story." There are novels under the heading of "Beginnings," "The Winning of Independence," "The Moving Frontier," "The Union Preserved," "The Irresponsible Twenties and Sobering Thirties," "Arsenal of Democracy" and "We, The People." The list gives a one-sentence report of what the story is about, which helps you select the type of book that appeals to you or to a friend if you have a gift in mind.

* * *

Finally, for every type of gardening problem or interest, ask the library for the pamphlet called "Attention Gardeners." Also, 16 mm. sound films, in color, on back-yard flower and vegetable gardening are available, through the Visual Materials Center, for free circulation to organized groups meeting in Chicago.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

FEBRUARY 16 TO MARCH 15

FEBRUARY

16—Address. Producer's Live Stock Commission Co. High School Auditorium, Springfield. Ill.

17—Two Services Peoples Church
Address. Valentine Dinner.
90th Anniversary, Dania Club

18—Address. Birthday Luncheon. Woman's Club. Peoples Church

19—Two Funerals
One wedding
Address. Graduates Club. Adult Education Dept. Chicago Schools, Chicago Historical Society

20—Three funerals
Book lecture. Peoples Church

21—Funeral
Conference at WGN
Address. Annual Brotherhood Dinner, St. Johns M.E. Church South Shore Ministerial Assoc.

22—Cutting record. WGN
Conference
Funeral
Book Review. Lake Shore Club

23—Funeral
Three weddings

24—Two services Peoples Church
Address. Am. Echod Temple Israel Bond Drive

25—Funeral
Address. Youngstown Sheet and Metal Co., Gary, Ind.

26—Funeral
Address. Cardozo Lodge. B'nai B'rith, Midland Hotel

27—Christening
Book Lecture. Peoples Church

28—Address. American Legion Banquet. Waukegan, Ill.

29—Sick call

MARCH

1—Wedding
2—Two Services. Peoples Church
Wedding
Christening
3—Funeral. Sheboygan, Wis.
5—Book Lecture. Peoples Church
6—Address. American Assoc. of University Women, Aurora, Ill.
7—Funeral
Sermon. Greater Milwaukee Lenten Service. First Methodist Church, Milwaukee
8—Wedding
Funeral
9—Two Services. Peoples Church
10—Board Meeting. Chicago Public Library
11—Funeral
Sick call
Address. P.T.A. Seventh Avenue School. LaGrange, Ill.
12—Book Lecture. Peoples Church
13—Address. North Shore Woman's Club. Georgian Hotel, Evanston.

FUNERALS

FEBRUARY

19—Frank Heartfelt
Mrs. Celia Thompson
20—Walter Glines
Waldemar Kroll
Henry P. Vorkeller
21—Wallace Stockwell
22—Charles Lilliborg
23—Attendance at funeral of Rev. Dr. Lewis A. Convis
25—Robert Collyer Fergus
26—Mrs. Marie Larsen

MARCH

3—Arthur Kade, Sheboygan, Wis.
7—Carrie O. Wilhelmi
8—Fred Burk
11—George Schulten

WEDDINGS

FEBRUARY

19—Elizabeth J. Byers and
Wm. R. Charlton
23—Gladys Viola DeLaat and
Charles Bilger Busse
Alice Tipan and
William Kilgore
Rene Smith and
Ralph Swanson

MARCH

1—Norma Meldariz and
Herman O. Roberts
2—Beatrice C. Power and
Alexander R. Harris
8—Lillian Wilkins and
Dana Berg

CHRISTENINGS

FEBRUARY

17—Fred Warren Heaney, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Warren Heaney
Silas Armas Marttila, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Silas Armas Marttila
24—John Todd Hausler, son of
Mr. and Mrs. John Hausler
27—Wm. Gail Arkebauer, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Arkebauer

MARCH

2—Bruce Lloyd Currey, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Earl W. Currey

The Following New Members Were Publicly Received Into the Peoples Church January 6, 1952
(These were not published in The Liberalist previously)

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Mrs. Betty Kemp Brunton
Mrs. Fred Does
Miss Gertrude Hobart
Miss Dorothy Jones
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Knocke
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